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ΧΕΙΡΕΞΟΚΗ.

THE EXCELLENCY OR HANDY-VVORK OF The Royal Hand.

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To the Puissant and Illustrious PRINCE

IAMES

DUKE of *YORK* and *ALBANIE*,

LORD of *ULTONE*,

LORD CHIEF ADMIRALL of

ENGLAND,

AND

KNIGHT of the most Renowned and Noble Order of the GARTER.

ROYAL SIR,

THough I am of my self a Subject inconsiderable, yet that which I here adventure to treat of, is of more worth. And, in good earnest, I should not have been reconciled to my self with the Dedication, had I not laid

a strict injunction upon it, in the first place, to visit the best of Families, that of Yours; to whom I owe not only my self, but all I have in the world. The Excellency in this Treatise is the Subject, otherwise (I must confess) 'twere much beneath your Highness countenance, cui majora debeantur: *Yet, 'tis Golden chaffer, Sir, and if but stamp'd with your Highnesse's Acceptance, 'twill pass Currant, and I shall expose it to the surging billows of a Tempestuous World. 'Tis plain* English, *without any intermixture but what is meerly necessary; 'tis clad (for the most part) in its Mother Tongue, yet a little* French *puts it into the mode, and gives it a kind of Reputation. I thought it my Duty to invoke your Highnesse's Patronage; pardon my Ambition in it, and receive it as a pledge, and the*

effect

effect of abundance of regards towards You; and if your Highness judge aright, they may be weigh'd in the ballance with your greatest Admirers. These Conceptions are the true Issue of my Heart, as well as my Invention: Be pleased to cast but as kind an Eye upon them, as you have in your Infancy almost (as I may say) done upon the Author; but Time which hath worn out all things, hath him too out of your Remembrance. That which may be the greatest inducement to your Highness to read this small Product, is the Centre to which it truly points, and may be (God knows how soon) your own concern. 'Tis an old Art, but new reviv'd; 'tis the Refining and Sublimating of LOYALTY *to such a pitch as may render it Gustfull, and all (if possible) after long Seductions, to their due Obedience to their lawful*

ful PRINCE. *And being handed by so good Authority, as indeed it is, it needs no Licence for its Publication, and your Highness cannot but give it a Caress.*

Yours most affectionately devoted

to Love and Revere You

with all due Observance

T. A. M. D.

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THE EXCELLENCY *or* HANDYVVORK OF THE Royal Hand.

I Cannot but take notice, that for ſeveral years laſt paſt, divers perſons, taking the advantage of there being no King in *Iſrael*, have hugg'd themſelves too much, with the vain hopes of having Fortune to be their Miſtriſs, whom they more courted for Succeſs, than the Deity, boaſting themſelves the ſeventh Sons, Stroakers, and what not, have become great Undertakers, promiſing by their manual Touch, the perfect Cure of thoſe Swellings, commonly called by the name of the *Kings Evil*. *Ægris & aſtantibus mirabilia pollicentur*, indeed more in a quarter of an hour, than they can make good all their life time: *Vitam vendunt quàm longiſſimam, ut verendum ſit nobis, nè ſero nimis in cœlum redeamus:* Their ſelf-conceitedneſs, and proud blind-

neſs, has emboldned them to ſo high a pitch, that they have adventured upon thoſe things which they had neither competent ſtrength to wield, nor any warrant from God Almighty to attempt, and the more ignorant the more confident; thus have they hook'd in ſimple Credulity to worſhip their Idolatry, and admire their Enthuſiaſms; they have fiſh'd for a Name and Fame amongſt the eaſie deceived vulgar, who loſe themſelves in the miſt of ſuch mens Ignorance. Thus have they fallen upon Practice, which has prov'd ſo fatal a fall to many of them, that they could never riſe to any thing after; having deluded thoſe which were too big with belief, and apt to receive that for a ſpark of Truth (their Reaſon being dim-ſighted) that lay buried in a heap of Errours.

That many things in this Evil Malady are really effected by Topical Medicaments, the Authority of moſt eminent Phyſicians, and none of the meaneſt Chyrurgeons, will make good, and induce us to credit, whoſe undoubted Experience muſt not be contradicted, nor repugned. That indeed which they have profeſſed themſelves potent to effect, by a Touch, and ſolely upon this account, becauſe they are the Seventh Sons, has been the *Kings Evil*; but who has faith enough to believe this to be natural? for that which is natural hath its dependence on the moſt inward Principles, and on every *Individuum* of the ſame *Species*: but this muſt not be granted, neither doth it depend on the number, for according to the Axioms of Philoſophy, a number hath no operative vertue, and likewiſe *Actiones ſunt Suppoſitorum*, All Actions are the Products of the *Suppoſitum*, and have their Shore upon the form of things; but

but the Seventh Son is said to have that peculiar power which the other Six are deprived of, and only *quatenus* the Seventh. Therefore being it proceeds neither according to the premises, from the form, nor number, it must necessarily, were it so, have its rise elsewhere; to which I shall speak more home after a little further progress. Many Families, in the time of the Apostles, did abound with a numerous Off-spring: yet 'tis not upon Record, neither before the Infancy of Christian Religion, nor since, that any of the Seventh Sons did ever make any contention with them, touching the power of working these miracles. The Subject, is The Operator, the Practiser of this Mysterie, to wit, *A Gracious King*, who for Clemency exceeds all the Pious and potent Monarchs that ever liv'd before Him, whose Pardon, before I can proceed, I am here with all humility to beg, that I make him again a Subject, being so lately too long one. The Object, is the Evil Subject, the *Kings Evil*. As for the *Signum Pathognomonicum*, 'tis so obvious to the Eye, and Touch, that I think it impertinent to touch at all upon that String, whereby (like *Ariadnes* Clue) to direct you to the knowledge of it: Yet because I will not leave you in the dark, I shall endevour to decipher these Swellings in their true and proper colours.

They are called *Strumæ*, which are *Glandulæ induratæ, quas Græci* χοιραδας *vocant.*

The *Arabians*, *Scrofulæ*, *in collo plerumq; collocentur*, they are caused from Phlegm consolidated in the glandulous parts; some *Tuberculæ magnæ*; some *parvæ*, which are with more facility cur'd. I would not be thought one of those, that tearm Good, Evil; and Evil,

Good: Yet there are degrees, I would, if possible, furnish you with so much insight, as that you may be able to distinguish betwixt them. Some are, like His Majesties Subjects, some better conditioned than others, yet some attended with so much Malignity, that they will not admit of any cure but what is palliative; *Quædam quasi suspensæ huc & illuc facile moventur*, they move to and fro, and yet are not easily removed; *quædam insertæ oriantur*, and are frequently disseminated clean through the Vessels, as Veins, and Arteries; They are for the most part Tumours, consisting of Equality, neither soft nor hard, but of a *medium* betwixt both: The *Peripheria* round, and it has been generally observed, that those persons which have been most affected with it, either they themselves, or some of their neareſt Relatives, have been all along for the most part Round, as the World has gone too long, *Sublata causa tollitur effectus*. The Cure of all Diseases is wrought by a depulsion of the Cause. *Tactus, quasi Tactus, vim habet solam Tangendi*; The Touch, as Touch, hath only the power of Touching: Otherwise by consequence, that certain virtue which is in the body, were it noxious, would also by the same Touch be communicated, but the Touch it self hath not this virtue: Seeing then that other Diseases may proceed from one and the same Cause, in some other parts of the body, the same Touch might prove Energetical for their removal; but being it cannot be so, the Cure must either be miraculous, or wholly attributed to the Imagination of the Patient; but we cannot believe it to be miraculous, for in times past the Apostles and Primitive Christians, both for the further Illustrating of God's Glory, and augment-

augmenting of Christian Religion, *manuum impositione multos sanârunt*, have healed many by a Touch; and most true it is, God will not have miracles inconsiderately wrought, for the pleasure of any man; So that the Apostles have signified to us, that, That which they did, was not by their own power, or by virtue and power of the Touch, and in their own strength, but by the Indulgence and special Mandate of the Great *Jehovah*.

Therefore those Seven Sons of *Shevah* the *Jew*, who attempting by the same name, to conjure the Devils, have, by induring their horrid violence, sufficiently felt the punishment of their temerarious, and unadvised boldness: Hence we may conclude, That 'tis not lawful for ordinary persons to assume so great a power, their skill in healing is not the Gift of God, as appeareth by the quality of the persons, who are generally ignorant, and prophane; for which very cause, God will not reveal his Counsels to them, but to them that truly fear him: 'Tis true, if it be his pleasure, he can bring Good out of Evil. There are in the world, too many of these prodigious and seducing Juglers, which do probably some small inconsiderable things; These *Simpletons*, through the pretence and reputation of Divine power, may cure some simple wounds which only required Union, which Nature would have done her self. Thus they daily make a noise, with their forged miracles, and make any Truth of any falshood, be it never so notorious, and a prejudicated opinion of such mens supposed sufficiency, they themselves being not really able to discern betwixt right and wrong, Good and Evil; they are great Usurpers upon other mens Rights,

against

againſt whom I ſhall advance the Avant-guard of all my might and force, not only to batter, but totally defeat, depreſs, and lay theſe evil Spirits, who have no more dangerous ſnare, than this condition of Faith, that thoſe who will have help or ſuccour at their hands, muſt believe they can do them good.

As to the Imagination, it being divers, in ſome ſtronger, in ſome weaker, we may ſuppoſe nothing, but an uncertain Event, can be expected from an uncertain Cauſe. The unreaſonable part of Fancy juggles too much with the judgments and underſtandings of men, that they can ſcarce contain themſelves from believing, and conſulting with ſome ridiculous folly: thus able is Imagination not only to deceive ſenſe, but obſcure our Reaſon. If there be any good which the World fancies in them, they have it by Accident, by the power and virtue of Fancy, wherein is neither certainty nor continuance.

Hoc privilegium ſanandi ſtrumas, eſt τὸ θεῖον δῶρον *divinum plane munus*; The power of Curing this Evil, is vouchſafed ſolely to the Kings, by the Grace of God, of *Great Britain*, and *France*, and denied to other Chriſtian Kings; *non proprietate perſonarum, ſed Divino privilegio; non verborum tantum facultate, nec medicorum auxilio, ſed conſtantis fidei, & vehementis cogitationis vi, ſanitas ſperetur.* 'Tis a Legacy bequeathed to them, by God himſelf. Holy *Remigius*, a Reverend Biſhop in *France*, with whoſe Unction this power flowed to the Kings of *France*, as the beſt Interpreter, doubtleſs, of this matter, hath declared, That this excellent Virtue is granted to Kings, ſo long as they ſhall remain conſtant in the Chriſtian Faith; intimating,

It

It would ceaſe if they forſook, or fell from it; and ſo long as Faith remained either in King or Kingdom, he foretold, by the Spirit of Prophecie, he ſhould be a victorious King: But alas, his Divinity here fail'd him! for, not long before our diſtractions in *England*, we being aſſiſtant to the *Spaniard*, the *French* were much worſted; of which ſayes one, and not impertinently,

When Wars in England *once began*
Then flouriſh'd France, *and not till than.*

Picardie was moſt part of it in a Flame; the Scene was laid by Cardinal *Richelieu* to introduce the *Scots*, he had all the qualities requiſite to work a change of State, by his prudence the Stroke was diverted, he directed his deſigns to make that Nation flouriſh, which he lived to ſee effected; thoſe that have but the leaſt Spark of Love for the Glory of that Country, when they read but that name, it muſt needs raiſe in them, an eſteem, never to be forgotten. *Edward the Confeſſor*, that had the reputation of a ſingular Piety, was deemed by the People one that could work Miracles, he cured not only thoſe (which priviledge deſcended to his Succeſſors) but other Ulcers and Swellings, which his Succeſſors could not. This being therefore a Prerogative belonging only to the fore-mentioned Kings, is wholly wrought in the name of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt; it would therefore be a too audacious tempting of Providence, for other Kings, on whom ſhe would not graciouſly beſtow the gift, to attempt it. Further, 'tis worth the obſervance, That the

the Kings to whom God granted it, had it not been upon condition, that they would not transmit this power to their Successors, unless they were legitimate, and did remain stable in the Christian Faith. For if an Assassinate or an Usurper (such there have been too late, and God knows what Fates yet attend Kingdoms) should dethrone a lawful Prince, he could not (together with his Kingdoms) acquire this virtue. *Quippe pro Imperio*, though *Cromwel* durst do any thing, and wrought no lesse then Miracles, for his time, he never so much as offered at this.

That good King *Charles* the First, of ever blessed memory, when captivated by those imparallel'd Miscreants, as his manner was, and as Tokens of his great love to many that had not deserved that kindness at his hands, he cured the Evil, small pieces of Silver was his gift, for alas he could not arrive to others, 'twas not the golden Age with him. I shall rehearse a Story, and a very true one, not long before he Acted his last on that horrid and execrable Theatre. A Great Anti-Royalist and Committee-man, had one only Child, a Daughter about ten years of Age, which was so blind for a year and a half together, with her Fathers Evil, I may rather tearm it then any ones else, that she could not see at all, *non minus morborum quàm possessionum hæredes, Naturæ sequitur semina quisq; suæ.* She was brought to *Kings-Hatfield* in *Hertford-shire*, to the Right Honourable the Earl of *Salisburie*'s house, where His Majesty then was, and desired a Touch from His Sacred hand, which was done by Special Grace and Favour in one of the Gardens, towards the Evening; the next morning, she began to perceive a glimmering of light, that could not

not before distinguish the day from the night, but was constrained to be led constantly about the house by a Maid Servant: The Father finding so much benefit, and seeing relief at hand, became an earnest Petitioner for another Touch, which His Majesty (that he might complete the Miracle) presently vouchsafed; by the next morning, she was restored to her perfect sight. The Good man (I give him now that Epithete) her Father (because he proved so after) finding so much efficacy, so much of God in His Anointed, he forthwith began to burst out into tears, and accurse himself, and own him that he had disowned so long. The truth of all which is to be made out by persons of quality, with divers of inferiour degree, which ought to be credited, being of good Life and Conversation. One remarkable story more I shall trespass upon your patience to repeat, being more concise then the last.

A Child of a Gentlewomans of no mean worth, about Seven years old, being very infirm and evilly dispos'd, having received a Touch in the morning, in the Afternoon one of the Serjeant Chyrurgeons, having a Regard for the Mother, came to give it a Visit. The Child he found leaning against a Couch in the Room; casually taking a few Pease out of his Pocket, which he used to employ in Fontanels, he troll'd them along the Floor, whereupon the Child (taking them to be Plums) immediately made a shift to go after them, and took them up, which for some years before was seldome out of Arms, and in a very short time grew a great Commander of his Legs; This I aver, and from as good hands as the former. And should I go to perticulars, and summe up all those Miracles (for I dare

not call them leſſe) that have been wrought by that Pattern of true Piety; A Prince whereof the World was not worthy; the beſt of all Chriſtian Kings, now undoubtedly in Heaven, their number would be as admirable as their nature. But alas! *Envy* too oft attends upon a ſhining merit: yet virtue will ſtill be virtue in deſpite of Fate; though they ſurreptitiouſly took away his earthly emoluments, and his Life into the bargain, they could not take the honour of this from him that gave it, nor the right thereof, from him that received it; the Heavens would not ſo much blaſpheme their Maker: As the Fire of their wrath was too ſevere, ſo that of their Zeal, was much more; They were Divels certainly, that breathed in no other Element, then that of unheard of and barbarous Immanities; they ran headlong in a graceleſſe method; their Union was nought, but Conſpiracy; their Strength, Outrage; their Hearts were too obdurate, forgetting all Pity, and Juſtice too; He became a Martyr for the Peoples offences, having few of his own, which he was not ſo much guilty of, as his Nature. Here fell a matchleſs peice of Innocency, meerly crucified to the tranſgreſſion of the times; we were too remiſs in our duties to Him, for which we have as much cauſe to requeſt God's Pardon, as now his Son's our Dread and Dear Soveraign Lord the King; 'tis far better to be ſubject to our true born Prince, rather than to Tyranny and Oppreſſion.

God be bleſſed for it, he is *Rex hominum.* His People will (I hope) obey him in any reaſonable moderation, being ſufficiently convinced, that he will not require that at their hands, but what may become the Spirit of a moſt Excellent Prince to demand, and Loyal Subjects

Subjects to grant, may we be readier to give than He is to ask, at least to yeild due Allegiance to Him, whereby to gratifie the Candour, and Goodness of a too too much injur'd Patience.

This Treatise is writ with an Intention to undeceive the World, and that Wise men may decline those vulgar Errours, not follow after meer shadowes, and lose the Substance, those stroaking Undertakers being warranted neither by Holy Writ, nor awful Authority of Antiquity or Probability of Reason; they are in the Judgment of the World, like our New lights, which like an *Ignis fatuus*, or *Will with a Wisp*, makes men run into such a Labyrinth, that they run themselves both out of what they have, and their Wits to boot. Truth does not alwayes receive a just tryal, by casual Events. Hap, is a meer Paralogisme, a Fallacy, and grand Delusion, taking that for a true Cause, which is no cause indeed. Ease may sometimes be given, and the credit of it to those that do not deserve it. Opinion weighs much, 'tis true, and Kings are great Rarities, Seventh Sons are not. That which God doth bestow upon Kings, should be that, which both for the Rareness and Singularity of the Priviledge, might more manifest his Glory; which would not be, if he should attribute the same thing, and that by right of birth, to any other. But to deal candidly and ingenuously with you, 'tis thus. This Disease of the Evil, is more proper to Children, than any other, which by succession of years, by reason of heat, is many times dissipated, and hereupon issues a spontaneous cessation thereof, which is usual with many of those that are incident to Children; and if thus it is effected, 'tis not

to be attributed to the uncertain virtue, and power, of thoſe kind of men, that Touch, who have no Religion at all in them, yet entitle themſelves to it: But to Nature it ſelf, whom *Hippocrates* ſtyles, *Morborum Medicatrix*, The Lady Phyſician of all Diſeaſes.

Me thinks true Loyaliſts ſhould ſet a conſiderable eſtimate upon the Requeſt of a dead Soveraign; Let not a Jewel of ſo much worth be bangled away; ſhould we, 'twould be an evident ſigne, we want that love for him which we truly ought to have, and that we caſt an Eye of Contempt as well upon him as his Gift. 'Tis a Talent, intruſted with our now Soveraign, for an Improvement; ſuch reputation were his virtues of, even in forein parts, and amongſt thoſe with whom he was by ſome deemed, (as I may ſay, I hope without offence) an Heretick, that Strangers could not enough admire Him; His very Geſture was a Net, to catch their Good Wills.

Exegit ibi monumentum ære perennius, quod nec imber edax, nec Aquilo poſſit diruere. To whoſe everlaſting Honour be it ſpoken, notwithſtanding all the Exigencies, that God had brought him under; all the Stratagems, Politicks, and Fetches laid to enſnare Him; He ſtill withſtood them, and continued ſteadfaſt, being Reſident ſome years where a contrary Religion was openly profeſſed, and maintained; Home-bred Incendiaries there were too many, but eternal praiſes be given to the King of Kings, ours was out of their reach, as to offer the leaſt violence to Him, and therefore made it their work, to reach him with their Tongues, and, if poſſible, murther Him that way, perſuading the People that He was warping towards Popery. To their

ſhame

ſhame never to be wip'd off, be it retorted, and our Churches Glory aſſerted; He has been the ſame Defender of the Faith, and Proteſtant Cauſe, in the midſt of the greateſt Temptations, and ſtrongeſt Adverſaries; His Title was our Fame, the Truth of it our happineſs, and will be His, for which very cauſe, as a reward of a pious Conſtancy againſt all Extremities, God wrought this for Him, the greateſt of Miracles, and yet the higheſt of Benefits, to him, and to this Nation, His Reſtauration, which has fill'd the World with aſtoniſhment, as our Hearts with exceeding great Joy; and indeed, 'twas impoſſible, it ſhould be otherwiſe, ſo much ſtability, and Divine qualities, as He is truly endow'd with; Heaven muſt needs be forc'd to do ſome more than ordinary miraculous Act, for a Perſon on whom it had beſtowed ſo many: *Bonus Princeps à Domino datur*, God was His Guide abroad, the Bleſſed Star that directed Him, and the Shield that protected Him, and at laſt gave Him to us; let us bleſſe Him, for Him: Have but a Retroſpect to His Princely Chriſtian Patiénce, know that he might have had Forein Aid, but, *ſe malle vinci ſuis Armis, quàm Alienis victorem eſſe*; he rather ſat down peaceably conquer'd with His own men, then to be Conquerour with an Army of others. Theſe were Endearments, great Love on His part; if there be not a Return on ours, we are worſe than the vileſt ſort of men. God, you ſee, deſtin'd his Twelve years Exile, that He might appear to us in greater Luſtre and Tranſcendency. His Regreſs brought forth our Sun, which moving in His own Sphere, ſhines moſt glorioully, and riſes only to do us good, with healing in His Wings.

Plots

Plots we have had without number, laid and discovered by the first Contrivers of them, but this of His Majesties Return, was a just, and a real plot, upon those Regicides, to bring them to condigne punishment, to whom I durst once have appealed, and to their own Consciences, if they did not more repent them of what they fail'd to do, than what they did. They boasted themselves, Gods Children, Saints, and what not; But alas! they were the Sons of men, and wicked men too, un-sanctified Saints, their Actions spoke them. They should have born a filial duty to their Lord and King. 'Tis labour in vain to endevour to dis-joyn where God has made a firm Concatenation, tied a knot, not to be untied by frail mortality; many a good turn he has pleas'd to do us, but after His Return to us, being none of the meanest Blessings, we ought to Return to God Almighty all sorts of Devoirs, otherwise we don't deserve it. 'Twas not the Healing Convention that did it, but the great and sacred Councels of Heaven. Let us not make our selves wiser than our Maker, study not to withstand or oppose what he has appear'd so miraculous in.

Undoubtedly Monarchy is the most secure and most preserving form of Government upon Earth. Submit your Wills to Providence, no Oracle you can better rely upon, she knows what is best for you, yeild to it, and your reward followes you. He that rebels against his lawful Prince, rebels against his God; questionless he that would destroy his Soveraign, would also destroy his God, standing in his way, so united are the Affairs of God and a King; he is in his Office like to Him, and subordinate to Him. You see that Serpentine

tine Egg of Conſpiracy is no ſooner laid, but 'tis addled; he that is omniſcient is not to learn which way ye intend to ſteer your Stratagem, but he prevents ye in it. The Divel he ſets his Emiſſaries to work, and ſits as Chairman in your Magical Conventions, to render Kings contemptible, and bring them into diſgrace. The Plot's no ſooner over, but the old Serpent, he gives them over too; you ſee, they are no ſooner arreſted by the Magiſtrate, but his power immediately ceaſes, in not being able to hinder the Juſtice of the Almighty, his force is broke, he cannot reſcue them from it. They ſin againſt God in Heaven, and his Church on Earth, and therefore 'tis thought meet that they ſhould hang betwixt both, as being unworthy to enter the one, or tread longer upon the other. Theſe confident Sons of *Mars* melted away like Snow before our Sun; ſuch is the difference betwixt proſperous wickedneſs, and perſecuted Innocency. They much miſtake, that think Divine Juſtice ſleeps, when it does but wink a while at ſuch Offenders. Thoſe Sons of *Belial*, ſome of them, have felt Gods Juſtice here, and, I have that charity for them, may they find mercy in Heaven."

Machiavel reports, in his Queſtions upon *Livy*, that the *French* had once their Kings in ſuch Eſteem and Reverence, that they thought every thing did become them that they did, and that nothing could be more diſgraceful to them, than to give any intimation that ſuch or ſuch a thing was not well done by their King, being abſolutely poſſeſs'd they could not do a-miſs; I would to God this ſo excellent a virtue, had been firſt wafted over into *England*, with their faſhions, and that 'twere now *A la mode*. 'Tis a capital Crime, and not venial,

venial, to Touch but Gods Anointed; *Davids* heart ſmote him, that he cut off but the hem of *Sauls* Garment.

The *Romanes* would have Rebellion to be μέγιστον ἀδίκημα, *maximum crimen*: and though a King hath not *ſanctitatem vitæ*, yet if he have *ſanctitatem unctionis*, we are to honour him; he may erre and have his failings, 'tis true, yet in ſuch a caſe we are not to take up *Gladium vindictæ*, but *Scutum Patientiæ*; we muſt help our ſelves, not by a violence againſt him, but by a holy violence, the force of prayer with God; we muſt be in charity with him, would we be entertain'd by him, whoſe Title it is to be the Prince of Peace, we muſt live peaceably with him, we have all the reaſon in the world ſo to do. *Il ne parle pas au Roy qui vent*, ſayes the *Monſieur*: Not every one that would, may ſpeak to Kings: but ſuch is the great affability and condiſcention of ours, he deſires that the moſt deſpicable, the moſt deformed, the pooreſt wretch in the world, may receive Grace from him *gratis*: Being not long ſince perſuaded by ſome of his Chyrurgeons to confine himſelf, to Touch ſuch a certain number at a time; and being informed, that more were at the Palace gates, crying out for his ſuccour and help, he told the Chyrurgeon who was to attend the ſervice that month, That his hand was in, and that all that were there, ſhould then be received: And may it ever be in, may Gods hand guide it; here's a true generous and Religious care, Piety is his Practice, Acts of Charity, his daily exerciſe. Obſerve but with what alacrity he do's ye good; being ſenſible, that after he has deſign'd relief for you, 'twould be, in ſome degree, a horrible cruelty to deferr conferring of it: This Divine

Divine Priviledge being granted to him, how unwilling is he, to intercept the endowment of the King of Kings. His Compaſſion becomes a debt, and to his evil Subjects, which he duely payes. As his Arms are alwayes open to embrace us, ſo let our hearts and ſouls be alwayes wide open, in fervent ſupplications for him,

Détque Deus cœptis vela ſecunda ſuis.

Whatever you have obſerved in him, that might raiſe love and admiration, is hourly augmented; every minute diſcovers in him new Treaſures, of true goodneſs and Princely magnanimity. Be gentle to him, he is ſo to you; certain and innumerable cares attend a Crown. Frown not upon him, your cordial ſmiles will be reſtorative; do not diſcompoſe ſo noble and ſo ſweet a diſpoſition, whoſe chiefeſt care it is to do ye all good, to do you honour. Behold him without prejudice, and as one on whom God has been pleaſed to ſtamp much of his own power and Authority; if we pour out our prayers for him, we ſhall reap the fruits of them, they will return into our own boſoms. We are obliged both by the Laws of God and Nature, to be ſubject to our King; we may ſee he has more than ordinary of God in him; he has a ſhrewd in-ſight into the event of things, and to foreſee futurities; there was not one Arrow in all the Quiver of malice which was not ſhot at him; you that are diſloyal, ſpend your venome; if you do not the ſooner ſpit it forth, you'l grow to ſuch a bulk, you'l burſt before your indefatigable charms, temper'd ſo much with gall, can take effect, be as bold as bitter. That Prince is truely great, that is as great in Loyalty as

in Advice, being potent in Parliament, he is ſo inſconſed in the affections of his people, that he is beyond the Trains of Treaſon at home, and I hope forein hoſtility cannot pierce him.

You ſee, he is not in love with that which generally moſt men are, what he has done without a Parliament and upon the ſcore of his own reputation. This Expedition againſt the *Dutch* may fully convince you, he lays it up in ſtore for you, he parts with it freely to you, 'tis for your ſafety and peace, aſwell as his own. *England* was never till now in ſuch an Equipage, we may boaſt of it, and of a Navy worthy of ſuch a maſter, which ſtrikes terrour into all Nations, and begets the greateſt admiration, for which his friends may well love him, his foes may well fear him: He is one that knows not how to do otherwiſe than truly like himſelf. His incompa..ble endowments and excellencies, have hitherto preſerv'd him, but not you ſee from ſome commotions; yet Divine Wiſdome may think it requiſite in this life, to temper the felicity of humane Majeſty with ſome Diſtempers.

I cannot but call to mind the Prediction of that moſt Religious Prince in his Βασιλικὸν Δῶρον That none would be more loyal to his Son, if God was pleaſed but to reſtore him, than thoſe who, ſenſible of their errours, felt in their ſouls vehement motives to repentance, with deſires to make reparation where they have done amiſs, and that he would ſend them truly zealous to repay, with intereſt, that obedience and love to him, which was due to him. The King is now graciouſly pleaſed to look upon them, he receives them with all favour, and kindneſs, he has put a great truſt into their hands, they have

have an opportunity, and (I may say) a blessed one too, to make the words good of that blessed Diviner, and do good to themselves in it; if they do not improve it, they were bad, very bad before, but now they will be thought ten times worse. I hope his Majesties Lenity has brought them into their right minds, and that they are come to themselves again, in good earnest 'tis high time they should; by their Action now, the prints of their former Revolts may be quite obliterated: Victory 'tis true is in the power of the Almighty, and not in the hands of the insolent; those High and Mighty *Hogin Mogins*, who owe an Obligation to *England*, for their first being: but all our good neighborhood hath bin perverted, better fruit uses to spring from the tree of Gratitude, theirs is turn'd into Presumption; as for Incouragement, these Commanders have enough, being the very same, and having success under Usurpation, 'tis impossible for them to want it, under their lawful Soveraign; further to animate them, they have Scripture to back them, Gods promises, the haughty he will humble, he will most certainly destroy the proud, to qualifie the rankness of their pride, and to cure them of the Plurisie of it, I question not but God will give them strength and success to be their Physicians, to make them bleed for it. A good cause does wonders, those Ships cannot miscarry that are driven with the breath of good Prayers, and with wisdome, good conduct, and courage. If we shelter our selves under the shadow of the Omnipotent, we are sure to be possess'd of a most impregnable Fortress, a Hold, that will certainly hold, we cannot be deluded in our Trusts. A Common-wealth's too neer us. I hope that the State of Affairs there, their

States General, and their general State too, may in a ſhort time admit of a better form of Government; if not, I wiſh with all my heart that I might but live to ſee them reduc'd to their firſt Principles; to be once more ſtyl'd, *The poor diſtreſſed States.* They have an old Proverb amongſt them which has none of the beſt Omens,

Thoſe that bring themſelves into needleſs dangers,
Dye the Devel's Martyrs.

And I doubt not but we ſhall bring their Spirits down, even as low as their Country: Here are περιάμματα, Amulets, Golden Engines, to draw and incline the affections of the People to their King, *ad Arcendas noxas alicui corporis parti, & collo alligantur*; ye are ſecure enough, and when ye have ſo much kindneſs hang'd about your necks, me thinks ye ſhould be hang'd before ye leave him.

Having made Digreſſion, *rem ipſam jam aggrediar*; Not long before His Majeſties Reſtauration, it was my fortune caſually to be in Company with a Chyrurgeon, who moſt audaciouſly and peremptorily vaunted, *That he could never cure the* King's Evil, *till he had poſſeſſed himſelf with ſome of His Majeſties Lands:* It was an Article in His Atheiſtical Creed, *That this virtue went along with them, though in his undue poſſeſſions.* I am yet to learn of any that ever yet adventured upon it, upon this Account, or that ever he experimentally found that ſucceſs, never any yet proſpered in Rebellion; God alwayes will withdraw his Bleſſing from the bloody Hand. From the Influence of a good King, diſtils

ſtils the Balm that cures the Kings Evil; how many thouſand in a year does he invite to draw neer to him? amongſt whom probably ſome are admitted, that he might moſt juſtly have commanded, rather a diſtance, who, when time was, would have laid their hands heavy upon him, had not God prevented it; Nevertheleſs, he is pleas'd to forget it, and lay his more tenderly upon them: Oh! may he in a more peculiar manner, be ſucceſsful unto them, had he the Spirit of diſtinguiſhing, yet his goodneſs is ſuch, that he would not withdraw his helping hand from them, like a true Angel of God, he does Good for Evil; he freely accepts them, and relieves them in their neceſſities, is kind to his worſt foes, and remits, like an Excellent Prince and a good Chriſtian, the wrong they have at any time done him: Nay, thoſe that would not do him ſo much right, as to afford him their Aſſiſtance to help him to his, do not bluſh to claim an inherent right, to this Priviledge, nay they ſuppoſe themſelves born to it, though him, not long ſince, to nothing.

Me thinks they ſhould be diffident of a bleſſing; yet ſince they have ſo much eſteem for their King, and that through his good fortunes he is credulous, may he be fortunate in the higheſt degree; they may reſt ſatisfied, that God has endued him with ſo much power, as to effect this ſo great and eminent a work; may they live to have juſt Cauſe to repent them, that they have ſo evilly entreated him.

May they ſhew their Contrition, by living as becomes Loyal Subjects, then they ſhall not want my prayers, that God may wipe away that bloud which lies upon them; *Beneficium poſtulat Officium*; Every benefit that

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we receive from our King, doth challenge a duty at our hands. Not long ſince, all humane Learning was trampled under feet; His Return has bleſs'd us with the Reſurrection of it. Before, we had many Lords, that vaunted much of Religion, but they divided it into ſo many Sects, and Errours, nay Blaſphemies, according as the neceſſity of their Evil deſigns, and policy, led them, that one might well have asked, what the Religion of *England* was? But bleſſed be God that has reſtor'd our Princes as at the firſt, and our Counſellors as at the Beginning; *Nova res, nova cantica*, for new mercies, we muſt find new praiſes. God has reſtor'd us to the Life of our Life, our Liberties and our Poſſeſſions; before, there were great pretences of Laws and a free born people, and what not; and theſe were, 'tis true, neceſſary to thoſe that had no Title: We ſtand before God this day, the Subjects of many Bleſſings; being under the Power and Juriſdiction of an imparall'el'd Prince, *Carendo magis quàm habendo*, by the want of a King we ſhould know the better how to value him; not to be thankful for him, and Gods mercies to us in it, is the death and deſtruction of mercies; not to acknowledge them, is as it were to make them our Adverſaries. I would have them well husbanded, that they might be Reſervations to greater mercies. As our thankfulneſs muſt appear in our Obedience towards God, ſo it muſt in our Obedience towards our King. *Great Britain's Oake*, had an immature, untimely fall, and yet there was one Royal one preſerv'd to be Protector to Him. *Regis & Regni Robur Robur*, may we be loving to the Branch, though we were unfaithful to the Root. A Day of Special Deliverance, calls for a

Day

Day of Thanksgiving. His Majesty took too long a Progress in other Princes Dominions, but that the great Divinity thought good to have it so, now he may take one in His Own Kingdom. And 'twas once supposed, that after His great and miraculous Conquest of Restauration, He would have visited that place of *Worcester*. God would have been pleased with such a Sacrifice: But alas! he has scarce yet had a Vacation from Persecution. The first thing that *Theseus* did, after the Victories over his Enemies, was to sacrifice the Spoils to the Tutelar Gods. As *Hercules* wore the *Lyon's* Skin, as a *Memorandum* of his Victories, so may His Majesty, as an Addition to His Royal Coat, though never wear it out of His Memory, nor we neither, as an Emblem of that great and wonderful deliverance, *The Royal-Oke*.

To perpetuate the remembrance of which, I wish in that very place an Hospital or Chappel were erected, and Demeasnes for the maintenance of it, where there might be an Annual solemn Procession. I would not have this done by His Majesties Own Hand, but to His Hand by the publique Stock, as an acknowledgment to the King of Kings, for that unspeakable mercy in the preservation of Ours. Perhaps I may have the Return of a severe censure for offering thus far: yet it cannot be said that I interpose in a business wherein I am not concern'd, for I conjecture my self as much as any, and could His Majesty but be sensible of the thousandth part of the Passion, which I have ever had (I bless God for it) and solely for Him, I should have Pardon from Him, for taking this Freedom. He is the Ocean from whence flows those Rivulets of good Will, which

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in Gratitude, like them, would oblige us to make our Returns. *Gratitudo eſt Gratiarum Actio*, not a bare Thanks-ſaying, but a Thanks-giving: we cannot do too much for him that has done ſo much for us; he has ſtanched that Iſſue of Blood under which we ſo long groan'd, and has made it his work to bring us into acquaintance with Peace, and Proſperity: will we be thankfull for theſe, and why not for health? Prayers and Praiſes ought to be alwayes like the Angels of *Jacob's* Ladder, aſcending and deſcending. When you approach His Majeſties preſence, in tendency to the work in hand, go the right way, and you'l be ſure not to fail of your end. Say with holy *David*, *'t is thy work O Lord, not mans power; thy ſacred Inſtitution, not mans Invention.* It has been a queſtion in the Scholes, *An liceat uti verbis ad morbos pellendos?* It ſhall now be put out of diſpute, for God has promiſed that whatſoever we ſhall ask in his name by Divine ejaculations ſhall be done unto us. Behold the modeſty of His Sacred Majeſty in the very Act expreſs'd, *Deus ſanat omnes infirmitates noſtras*, I Touch and God heals: No charm like this Divine Sentence in the Lips of the King, words worthy to be written in Letters of Gold, with the Pen of a Diamond, full of attractions, and ſecret allurements, and like the ſpirit of ſo Holy and ſo Magnificent a Prince; he does not aſſume the honour to himſelf, for fear of Cancelling that never to be forgotten Gift, vouchſafed him by God, in which he is made, next and immediate to him, the ſole inſtrument to do good to his people. What can ſatisfie more, that when he has done things *ſuper captum rationis humanæ, ſuper omnem doctrinam divinitus conceſſum*, 'tis ſupernatural, an Art that lyes above the

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reach of every Brain: Divine myſteries are not to be meaſured by the ſhort Plummet of humane Reaſon, our Underſtandings are much too ſhallow to fathome them. *Magnalia Dei ſumma & miraculosè conſpiciuntur*; Let us not pry into the Ark of God's Secrets, 'tis too preſumptuous Arrogancy in any, to queſtion that which was never yet revealed. The *Royal Hand* is accompanied with God's Hand, he approves it by many Miracles, which exceed the condition of Law and Nature; what He does ſhould beget a firm belief in us, and 'twere Impiety for a Chriſtian in the leaſt to doubt it; when 'tis done by his never-failing power, ſtop thy over-bold Enquiries, with a *Deus ſic voluit*. Yet there are too many that will not truſt Faith on her ſingle Bond, unleſs Reaſon be joyn'd for Security with her. The Subſtance of Hope is the Being of Beings, our being well, 'tis no ſhadow, here Faith is no fancy, there muſt be reality in it, ſince 'tis not exerciſed in a deluſory work, which not to credit, is, in a degree, a kind of Blaſphemy. Is any thing hard to God Almighty? He is not like unto him that promiſeth and performeth not, wait for him in this ſerious and ſolemn Ceremony, and he will certainly come and heal thee. Hitherto the Touch has been ſolely touch'd upon, eſpecially that from the hand of His Sacred Majeſty, in which there is ſo much efficacy, That I want Charity, to be reconcil'd to the Philoſopher, that aſſerted *Tactum* to be *ignobilem*, and inſerted it in the Rear of all the Senſes; it ſhall have my Vote for the future, to have the Precedency in our new Phyloſophy. I ſhall now entreat upon the Gift, as well as the Giver, being indeed Individual, and then I muſt be in Conſult with Angels, good An-

gels, good Gold. The Bleſſings of the Father of our Country: *Aurum cum primis efficax præſentiſſimam vim obtinet, in expugnandis ſæviſſimis morbis, atq; inſtaurandâ valetudine ubi collapſa eſt*; which introduces a Story of that moſt experienced perſon Doctor *Butler* of *Cambridge*, who being ſent for to the Earl of *Lincoln*'s Son, finding him deſperate ill of a malignant Fever, and ſpeechleſs; As ſoon as he came into the Chamber, he calls to the good old Earl for Gold; he was a great Humoriſt, His mind to him a kingdom was; at length that dumb God Gold appear'd: The Doctor, inſtead of putting it into his pocket, as thoſe that knew him not, might very well have ſuſpected, crams as many pieces into his Patient's mouth as it would well contain: At which ſight, ſayes the good Earl, *If he will eat Gold, Doctor, he ſhall have it, but beware good Doctor you do not choke my Child*; continuing a while in his mouth, they came out as black as a Coal. The malignity thus ſpending it ſelf, the Gentleman recovered, ſo that you ſee *Regina Pecunia Quid non?* what wonders Gold will do; She ſits Queen Regent at the helm of all Affairs, made him to ſpeak that would not ſpeak before. Gold, by the Impreſs of its purity, does *omnem à corpore impuritatem dejicere*; Angel Gold, does *ſpiritus fœtidos ſpirare, & vi quadam attractrice pollere*; once in the boſome, 'tis a good friend, and being tried by that veſtal Fire, muſt needs do him good at heart that has it. Some think, that if they have but a Touch from the King, they are preſently made whole, their work is at an end; they are to begin again: Some ſay, they care not if they get a Touch; but touch not upon that ſtring with ſo much indifferency, ſuch Approaches marr

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the Succeſs, though Angels, and good ones, attend the Service. There muſt be *Auri ſacra fames*, when 'tis *Aurum vitæ*, and infinite Reſtorative, *habet ſpiritum ſecretiſſimum, & cæleſtem imaginem Dei gerens*; if ſo, no Crucifix more potent. May the celeſtial powers, the whole Hierarchy of Angels, that never ſlumber nor ſleep, be our Soveraign's Life-guard; they can obviate all approaching Evils, and help Him, and protect Him, in and under ſo ſoveraign a diſpenſation, ſo conſiſtent with His Prerogative; let this be the Return of our loudeſt praiſes, that we give Glory to God on High, fear Him, and honour our King. And that ye may be ſure to find benefit in your Addreſſes, let this be the Rule, Make not your deſires the ſole Rule of your Prayers, but ſubmit your Wills to God's Will; that's a duty incumbent upon you. Prayers have wings for flying, without fear of falling: Say with good *Ezekiah*, *Heal me, O Lord, and I ſhall be healed.* Though the difficulties are many, yet Faith, which hath a kind of ~~an Impotency~~ Omnipot will carry you through all. *Ille plures ſanat, de quo plures confidunt*; The Sick man's confidence, oft-times ſpeeds beyond all other remedies, *confidentia & alacritas morbos ſublevat.*

The Noble Greek gave not that name Βασιλεὺς for nought, *quaſi baſis* Λαῶ, *quod in Rege ſalus populi fundata eſt*, Βασιλικώτατον, a Virtue and Regal Excellency meet for ſuch a Prince, it adds Luſtre to His Royal Perſon, and makes Him the more Conſpicuous and Illuſtrious in the Eyes of all His People. Some are of that Judgment that the Commonneſs of the Gift, makes it to be diſ-eſteemed; Yet, *bonum, tanto eſt melius, quanto eſt communius.* God will not unmake his Miracles, by

making them common. May we be heartily affected with the true ſenſe of God's mercy to us in it, otherwiſe we make it but a formal Complement, which will not be approved of by him from whom it is firſt deriv'd; you have the Hands of God and a King hand in hand, concentrating in one, and employed as Supraviſors of the work. There is ſo conſtant a Communication betwixt them, that 'tis impoſſible but to effect any thing. A good and pious Prince we have, a King that drop'd down unexpectedly from Heaven, whoſe works are without compare. When a Man does that which another cannot do, we uſually ſay *He conjures*; pardon I pray the Expreſſion: That Magick is laudable and lawful, where there is not *Potentia in nocendo ſed Reſtituendo*. He is an Object for Love and Wonder to ſtand amazed at.

The Geſture, when we come to receive theſe *Bona Throni vel Scabelli*, is kneeling, which denotes true humility and reverence, and that we ought to pay to him ſome Tribute from our Bodies. God payes us well for our pains, and ſends an Angel home with us: *Aurea remedia*, we have golden rewards. *Myſterium hoc celandum*, were it not that the effects daily prove ſo viſible; nothing weakens a man's confidence like Ingratitude, the calling to mind of which, fills the heart with diffidence. Let us ſpeak of Him as becomes us, reverently imitating the Tongues of the Apoſtles, with holy Language; he deſerves it at our hands. The comforts we receive, and particular pledges of true kindneſs from Him, ſhould, me-thinks, beget the re-inforcement of love, proportionable to his merits. And let me tell you, that he differs only from the Angels, rather

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in place, than condition, becauſe he has conferr'd on him while on Earth, a portion of Heaven, Angelical Gifts. He is a Prince of eaſie acceſs and a patient ear, and patent, indefatigable in hearing us, one that does not expoſtulate why we come at any time to give him trouble, becauſe he thinks it none, ſupereminent Indulgencies conveyed us. *Loves Envoies and Amour vaine tout fors que coeur felon*, Love overcomes any thing but a froward or deſpiteful heart. If we will not be like our ſelves, may we be like the *Sabine* women, with love and Interceſſion which conquered two Armies, a Victory more eminent then the Sword can win, and none ſurer than the Victory of Prayer. When you go to celebrate this Myſterie, let not your mind be like an *Individuum vagum*; if it be, 'tis but meer Lip-labour, a ſacrifice as unacceptable, as that of *Cain*'s. If you make your addreſſes amiſs, wonder not if you miſs, 'tis all the odds as may be, but you will: Prayer is the Key that opens the gates of heaven, 'tis the never-failing means of bringing thee, if not all that thou thinkeſt thou wanteſt, yet all indeed thou doſt. Let your affections be as ſtrong as your faith. But what's the reaſon then, ſay ſome, that ſo many Infants and young Children, that have not the leaſt ſence of faith, in them, have redreſs in their addreſſes? You ſhall have my ſenſe upon it, 'Tis becauſe they are the Children of true believing Parents, and 'tis impoſſible the Children of ſo many Prayers and Tears ſhould be ineffectual, or return without a bleſſing: The Prayer of the humble pierceth the Clouds, and will not admit of the leaſt *Iota* of denial, till the Higheſt accompliſh their deſires; 'tis like *Saul*'s Sword, and *Jonathan*'s Bow, never returns empty.

empty. Make not your approaches to your King, for Company, or Fashions sake, as too many do, but with a true acknowledgement that God is the great spring from whence the benefit must flow, he is much deceived that trusteth too much to himself; where too much confidence is in the means, you thrust out God, who must not be an unconcerned Spectator of humane affairs, he is worth the care of ingaging him on your side. Pray not more to the Chyrurgeon for access, then to God for success; gratifie them where you find kindness, but let not your Fees fly faster then your Prayers.

Do you expect good by it, doubt of your own worthiness; there is none wanting in the King. This blessed Mysterie so graciously dispensed by God's Vicegerent here upon Earth, cannot but be sow'd in sufficient power; if there be weakness and folly in them that approach to receive it, if you vacate the Gift, and frustrate the intent of the Donor, 'tis not the Kings fault, nor ought to be laid to his charge, charge your selves with it. When relief does come, it does not alwayes come in that same ἐν τῷ of time when the Touch is vouchsafed. There must be obedience to him that Toucheth, aswel as belief in him to approve it by. Of those ten in the Gospel that were cleansed of their Leprosie, there came but one to pay his thanks, yet I fear there is not one in ten hundred, though he receives as much benefit as he can possibly desire, that comes with his acknowledgements; may he do it to God, and pay his Allegiance to his King: Nay, 'tis credibly reported of a Gentlewoman, that Seventeen years after she had received what her own heart could wish for, from the hand of that good King, who did us all good, though we did him all harm,

(whom

(whom I cannot mention without tears, and a Preface of all due honour and reſpect) ſhe ſent her Angel to *Goldſmiths-hall*, to be employed againſt him; This was a peice of high unthankfulneſs, and ought to have had a better requital. Great Ingratitude, great puniſhment; How juſt had it been with God Almighty to have brought upon her, as a ſcourge for ſo much wickedneſs, a Recidivation of former accidents, nay, worſe than before, more contumacious and Rebellious, like her ſelf? ſhe had been payed in her own Coin, and had a reward ſuitable to her merits. *Oh Tempora! Oh Mores!* when injuſtice and contempt of all truth and honeſty was juſtified, when Rebellion was brought into countenance and made the mode and faſhion of the times, which ought never to be upon record; he that ſhall leave them to poſterity, if without partiality he writes them, he will certainly have as much water in his Eyes, as Ink in his Pen, wherein lived a Generation of curſed *Achitophels*, which dreaded the ſingularity of being innocent. They found a new gate to heaven, not opened before, to cut their way thither through the throats of the immaculate; Subjects ſhould be Adjectives, not able to ſtand without (much leſs againſt) their Lord and Maſter, or they will make but bad conſtruction; *Had* Zimri *peace, that ſlew his Maſter?* Oh Lord! keep us by thy reſtraining grace from going along with the rude multitude, by ſeeming to right the People, though wrong the King. Let us pray for him as well in times of quiet as of danger, as well when War is but ſmoaking, as when 'tis blown into a flame. Let us be conſtant and not given to change. 'Tis Treaſon *ſummo gradu*, in the higheſt malignity, to lay the calamity of the People upon

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on the Prince, as if the Diſeaſe begun in the head, when properly it terminates there. A King that fore-caſts and fore-cares, I am confident, to make you all the better for him, what horrible injuſtice will it be in you to injure him? I wiſh the very Heathen may not riſe up in judgement againſt you; They were praying for their Emperours, though condemned by them, in the midſt of the flames, *Every man* (ſaith *Solomon*) *ſhould be a friend to him that giveth Gifts*; he is greatly ours, his favour is as *Aurora's* dew, which purleth the ſpangled graſs; ſuch innate ſeeds are ſown in him, as will ever improve him, never deprave him: Behold him as one, *In quo virtutes omnes elucent, & quem colere nihil aliud eſt, quàm virtutes ipſas colere*; to reverence him, without flattery, is nothing elſe but to adore his vertues. Let us receive his Commands, as if they came from heaven, and behave our ſelves towards him, with due obſervance, and not, upon any pretence of infirmity whatſoever, contemn him. God has moſt miraculouſly own'd him amongſt the ſtorms of State and War; he has ſail'd through a boundleſs Sea of bliſs, *Si inſuperabilis inſeperabilis*. Diviſion is like Fire from above, infinite deſtructive; mens conſtitutions and their ſpirits were volatile, but now I hope God has fix'd them, and will keep thoſe qualities in a right temper and juſt Symmetry amongſt themſelves. A true Princely diſpoſition, moderated with ſo many inward qualifications, as meekneſs, ſobriety, and indeed what not? merits the whole Trump and ſound commendation and applauſe above all other. He is one whom I could dwell upon to admire, and loſe my ſelf in the Maze: Yet *Tantus quiſque eſt quantus eſt apud Deum*; Every one is ſo great as he is in Gods account; but

but to be Good and Great is admirable. Let it not be made a crime to do good; Charity may legally be Acted without purchasing Licence *ad practicandum*. You may see we have more Gifts than one from him, we had a common deed of Gift, of General Pardon, of which we are most unworthy, if we do not every day grow better and better, if we are not the better for mercies, we must be the worse. A good Christian must inevitably be a good Subject; I must confess I have one quality in me, for which I have been blamed by many, though in my own apprehension I conceive it none of the worst, which is, that I cannot be in good earnest in Charity, with any that ever went out, but to fight against their King; some to this day are so obstinate, that they will use Arguments to palliate, as if 'twere possible to extenuate, that great and crying abomination, that horrid Murther of their King, so notoriously committed; publick acknowledgement with Godly sorrow for it, were the only balm to expiate: when 'tis urg'd against them, they have this Plea in a readiness to retort, That they went not out to fight against him, but to draw him from his evil Councel. They knew their King was forced to open hostility, and to set up his Royal Standard *Se defendendo*, and try his Title. Alas, will some say, we broke off in good time; They had so indeed, had they not first broke the Ice (the more Capital their crime) and then broke out into open Rebellion. Would they have acquitted themselves fairly? Why did they not then, when they heard their King and such a Lord and Master was in the Feild, but that they intended, as plainly since has appeared, to be His; Why did they not then, I say, throw down their Arms and themselves at His Majesties

feet, and pay their Allegiance to him, that he might graciously have received them into His? They had just cause to do it.

Those that adventur'd at the beginning of the Rebellion their lives and fortunes to preserve their King, his Heirs and Successors in their just Rights; those were the men, those were those that were right and true Subjects, too many of them have been since sufferers indeed, and only upon the score of Loyalty, for whom I have a very particular regard, because I see them by some so little regarded. His Majesty is so gracious of himself, that he has own'd many of them, and would more, were there not those that interpose too much betwixt the beams of that favour and grace, which probably have not themselves deserv'd it, some have been and are countenanced too much, few as they ought; so that in the opinion of those, they are like old Almanacks out of date, or stand for Ciphers. I must confess, as 'tis well known, I have been zealous for the poor cast-away Chavalry, for which I have received often reproof and checks, and meerly for speaking but my conscience in their behalf, and have had it retorted upon me with the greatest wonder, that one that was never in Arms for His Majesty, should be so earnest to gratifie men that would never be satisfied; But I cannot be of that perswasion. 'Tis true, I was not in Arms for him, yet I bless God for it since, and for nothing almost more, than that I never was against him; yet 'tis probable I have done him no less service, then some that were with him, the truth of all which others enough can assert, and I have retained within me, without the least stain, that principle becoming both an honest man and a good Subject, Loy-

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alty to my now Soveraign and his Father of ever blessed Memory before him, and in the worst of times, durst maintain their Prerogatives; and I suppose such are none of the worst Subjects. My aid, God willing, shall never be wanting to cast a mite into his Treasury, and without Ostentation I speak it, and upon Review it will appear, that I have upon all occasions contributed, beyond indeed what I have, and have exceeded many, that have far exceeded me in estate. Thus I have done with as sincere Devoires as any Hee that His Majesty is pleased to have the best thoughts of; I have done but my Duty in it, and I shall not forget to do that still, unless a Lethargie possess my Brain; All I have, as I do, in good earnest, own from his Sacred Majesty, so I shall chearfully be ready to prostrate it at his feet, with my life into the bargain for Him or His, whom I esteem your Royal Highness.

Scrue up all his Majesties Actions, and you will find them miracles, celebrate his praises beyond what those of men, might or ought to aspire to, and though he Touch the Evil, may no Evil touch him. Let not the gates of Hell prevail against him. My unfeigned and unceasant Prayers shall ever (God willing) attend him; and my curses, those that wish him worse than their own souls. Those that will not say Amen to it, deserve to be hang'd, I pray God they be not damn'd. And may there never want one from that Royal Stem to govern us, and Sway the Scepter to the end of the world.

And now, Royal Sir, may all your Atchievements be crown'd with Victory. May you have more Friends than Flatterers. The greatest hope I have of success in this grand affair lyes in the justness of our Cause, the provident and abundant care of his Majesty for our preser-

vation, the prudence and courage of your Highneſs: That benevolent aſpect which hath raiſed the general love of all to you, doth in this occurrence incline the great ones, the *Nobility* and *Chivalry* of the whole Nation to wait upon you: thoſe hearts your Highneſs lately carried away with you, were not at ſuch a loſs as we were then for your abſence, nor expected you with more impatience. At ſuch a ſeaſon the ſtouteſt might well have been weary of ſuch Service. Fortitude in a Prince, is a vertue, true, but dangerous, ſhould you miſcarry we are at a loſs irreparable. Great Sir, we have fraught this our little Veſſel with Commodities of no ſmall price. If theſe notions hold water, as I hope they will, there will be no great fear of Leaking, The more fit and ſeaſonable the Preſent, to preſent ſuch an Admiral. Such a one it is as may do wonders: the greateſt conqueſt is that of hearts and affections. Theſe take as Plots upon all the forces both by Sea and Land, to re-inforce them, if poſſible, to that which has been too long at too low an Ebbe: In this caſe, to promote Love, is an Art very lawful and juſtifiable both before God and Man. This Tract is calculated exactly to this Meridian, and deſign'd on purpoſe, as a Specifique and Soveraign Antidote, defenſive furniture againſt the ſudden incurſions upon the Palace-Royal, and that never-enough to be deteſted Sin, which fretteth like a Gangreen, and menaceth to eat out the Life and Soul of Monarchy and Religion, **Rebellion.** Undoubtedly, to effect this, is none of the worſt piece of Service, but a very good piece; and if ſo, I ſhall think my pains well ſpent, and have the leſs regard to Cenſure: No times have ever yet vouchſafed to the worthieſt of Perſonages, an immu-

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nity from malignant Tongues, 'twere Vanity therefore in me to expect it. To endevour but a publique good ever yet merited a *Commendum*, though not ſo well perform'd as really intended; and this give me leave to ſay, He muſt needs have a ſtrange vitiated Palate to whom none of theſe will Reliſh. This Tract is but of yeſterday, as 'tis ſhort, ſo 'tis ſweet, breathing forth odoriferous and moſt fragrant vapours into the Noſtrils of all that are truly Loyal; and I wiſh 'twere like the *Manna* in the Wilderneſs, which adapts it ſelf to every Man's *Guſto*.

Having touch'd long upon a Golden Subject, the Metal being tryed by the Touchſtone of your Highneſſe's moſt Gracious Acceptance, I have abundantly my Reward; and for attempting to *deſerve* your favour, I hope I ſhall not *diſſerve* my Prince, to whom, I am not more by Conſcience bound, than I ſhall, through all the Actions of my Life, ever own a particular Inclination to expreſs my humble duty. Having treſpaſſed thus much upon your Highneſſe's Patience, 'tis high time to turn my Sailes towards the Shore, and caſt Anchor for the Preſent: *Eadem magnanimitate quâ magna munera donas parva munuſcula accipe*; it hath been a Grace for Greatneſs, at meaſt men's hands, to accept of ſmall Gifts.

If this chance to have the Honor to kiſs His Majeſty's moſt Sacred Hand, 'tis more than the Authour has yet had himſelf; if it arrives to that, he has his end; and the *Errata's*, and *Evil* in it, will admit of a perfect Cure.

THE END.